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GAIN AND GRANDEUR.*

A MIDDLE-AGED man, of great probity, sense, and benevolence, but so much engrossed by the affairs of this world, and so fully satisfied with the blessings it brought to him, as to be little impressed with religious ideas, was once seized in the midst of his exertions and enjoyments by a disease which threatened to cut short his life. If this person had previously been asked what he conceived to have been the use of his existence, his first idea would have probably been that it was to enjoy the world and its good things—to enjoy life, in short—no other idea would have occurred to him at the moment, or, even if it had occurred, would have been willingly admitted. The question was now asked; and a totally different answer arose in his mind. "To think," said he, "that I, a being fully grown in body and mind, and able to take an active and important part in the machinery of social life—qualified by exact science to scan no small part of the system of creation, and, by imagination, to conceive myriads of such systems—placed in a scene where at every step I meet the pleasant face of a friend, and day after day enjoy a thousand pleasures arising from knowledge, from sentiment, and from sense—that such a being should be liable to be hurried in a moment from all that I know and feel, shows me that this is not the place where the ends of existence are to be perfected. Either," he continued, "I must suppose the destiny of man to be an absurdly incomplete and inconclusive thing, and that a highly powerful and refined essence—namely, my own mind—has been reared almost in vain, as if an artist were to spend years upon a painting, only that, when it was completed, he might dash it all out again; either I must suppose all this, which, to my sense, is totally unreasonable, or I must suppose that human destiny is only commenced here, and is to be perfected in some scene where its faculties may be brought into new and perhaps better exercise."

Such would probably be the settled and habitual conclusion of all cultivated men, if the realities of the present life, which in general environ them so closely, would permit them to give the subject any share of their attention.

The realities of this world have no doubt many charms. Whether our object be gain or grandeur; whether we strain for something beyond our immediate necessities, or be contented to earn only what is requisite for a competence; the pleasure which attends our progress is certainly great—and not only so, but it is a near and tangible good, while the advan-

tages held forth by spiritual contemplation are remote and ideal. Nevertheless, it is just as certain that these proximate pleasures altogether fail to satisfy the ultimate longings which pervade our mysterious being, and must after all be cast aside for those which now appear so intangible.

Wealth increases care. He who has it feels a perpetual danger, and becomes the object of mean and unworthy sentiments among those who expect to inherit it. At the very last, he finds that it can neither purchase a relief from suffering, nor a smile of genuine kindness; nay, that it throws a dubiety into all the manifestations of affection, which would otherwise give real pleasure, by reason of their not being liable to suspicion. This, therefore, though it may gratify a little in the gaining, is not what we must depend upon for ultimate happiness.

Ambition also but increases care. Each step gained only serves to disclose a more desirable place farther on; and when that is gained, another is perceived. There is perhaps a satisfaction in seeing what is thrown behind; but there is only envy and solicitude in looking to what is before. The more conspicuous, besides, that the individual becomes, the more conspicuous are his faults and failings, and the more is he visited with the jealousy and rancour of his fellow-creatures. Mere ambition, indeed, can never give a pure satisfaction. It always supposes that, for its success in you, others are the worse; while the very fact of your triumphing over the rest, depreciates the rest, and thus your triumph destroys itself. Napoleon almost conquered the world: it was at the expense of the happiness of all the rest of mankind, and of nearly all their honour. If he thought his triumph great, he secretly conceded as much honour to the conquered as he took to himself, and thus he was left in a great measure as he had been. But he probably was sensible, in the midst of his apparent greatness, that the world was after all not worth conquering. The mind of man can suppose innumerable worlds: he who gains even the first place in this, is but one of a herd at the best: he only conquers what men can see; he produces no effect on what they suppose, and their imaginations can in a moment sink him and all his glories into insignificance. How can any human being be justly esteemed as greatly superior to his fellow-creatures, when, with him, as with the vilest of his supposed inferiors, the derangement of some paltry organ in his body could bring him in a day's time to nothing? No: ambition, uninspired by its only legitimate aim—that of doing good—is a mere delusion. Seeking for its gratification only in the debasement of others, it rests, not upon the greatness of the individual, but upon the smallness of those around him; not in his glorious qualities, but in their mean propensity to worship what appears so. It is not a mountain raised upon a plain; it is one formed by cutting away all the neighbouring ground.

In cases where gain and aggrandisement are not sought for selfish ends, are they better calculated to secure happiness? Certainly, they will produce more satisfaction; but they will still be inadequate to the grand end. Do we seek to benefit our kind by schemes of beneficence? how uncertain is the attainment of our object! Even in the hope of their gratitude—that cheap remuneration—we will hardly fail to be disappointed. Do we seek to benefit them, by throwing ourselves before them in the pursuit of knowledge, and facilitating their progress in the same path? What mortifications and calamities are the most of such persons destined to endure—

"Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail!"

Their efforts are the subject of doubt and dread during their lives, and remunerated only when remuneration cannot be enjoyed.

So liable, indeed, are the majority of men to error in judgment—so liable are they to give way to vexatious and fatal passions—that even that minority who are comparatively wise, amiable, and just, will all ways be subjected to more or less of mental pain. Who can open himself to the good which this world displays, and close himself up only against the bad? We may attempt something of the kind by an universal selfishness or misanthropy. We may shut ourselves into our own houses, and say, "Come what will to others, I will not care. Their friendship or hatred, their evil passions or their good, their joys and their woes, I will alike disregard: all I seek is my own comfort, and of that I will constitute myself the sole source and support." But even if our natures were so ungenerous as to enable us to practise this system for any length of time, even if we were not liable to contingencies which would occasionally compel us to take comfort and aid from our fellow-creatures, and thereby break down the fences we had planted around us—would the result be happiness? As well might the rocks of the Sierra Morena be described as a paradise.

The very accidents to which life is exposed are a perpetual source of distress to the good. To use the words of the poet—

— grant the virtues of a temperate prime,
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides with modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers.
The general favourite, as the general friend;
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?
Yet ev'n on this her load misfortune flings,
To press the weary minute's flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from withering life away;
New forms arise and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

All that this world can give, appears, then, to be inadequate to the full solacement of even those who most nearly approach to perfection. If we do not, by our own vices and weaknesses, bring misery upon ourselves, we are sure to have it, only perhaps in lesser proportions, by other hands. Let us isolate ourselves as we will, we only deprive ourselves of the good which we would have otherwise enjoyed in mixture with the evil. If we live, we cannot escape; and in death we but contemplate what seems to us as the last and worst of all evils. Surely it could never be intended that a being like man, gifted with such possibilities of excellence, and inspired with such imaginations of bliss, should only go through a short career, during which his best faculties seemed in a perpetual struggle with circumstances, and the longings of his nature were finally left unsatisfied. To solve the difficulty, Religion steps in, with the picture of another state of being, where every end will be completed, and every craving satisfied. We may receive her, or we may not; but all must acknowledge, that if her solution be false, there is no other, and man is left, in the words of the poet, to "roll darkling down the torrent of his fate." Such is the conclusion arrived at by the illustrious man, of

* In a late article, entitled, "Is Ignorance Bliss," an endeavour was made to show, that the condition of mankind on earth is destined to be greatly improved by the progress of knowledge and of morality, and that individuals might avoid many miseries now submitted to as inevitable, if they would more regularly observe and obey the physical, organic, moral, and intellectual laws, which have been instituted for the general advantage of the species. Having thus displayed the means of improving human happiness to its utmost natural limits, we deem it proper to go farther, and show how inadequate are all these means for perfectly satisfying the desires of the human heart, or fulfilling what reflecting men must conceive to be the main ends of human existence. The above article is designed as a humble effort towards this purpose—one put forward with much fear, lest a most important question should suffer by such imperfect treatment, but deriving some value, perhaps, from the sincerity with which the writer, so far as he knows his own heart, believes himself to be inspired. It will be unnecessary to remind any one conversant with English literature, that the leading idea is taken from that most majestic moral poem—the *Fancty of Human Wishes*—which we have also taken the liberty to quote in two important passages.

whose words and thoughts we have just been making so large an use.

Where, then, shall hope and fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to him the measure and the choice.
Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar,
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r.
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure what'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuting ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods he grants who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

SIR JOHN HORRIBLE.

THE person who goes by the nickname of Sir John Horrible, and on whom it was fixed on account of his delight in shocking and surprising narratives, is a man of a very peculiar constitution of mind. He reads a great deal; but his intellect is nothing sharpened by his studies, nor his heart improved. Perhaps he never opened a book in his life, since he quitted school; but he pores incessantly on the newspapers—not that he may store up in his memory matter for after reflection, but solely for the news, to serve him as the subject of talk during the day. If you meet him in the morning, before he has seen any of the prints, he has not a single word to bestow upon you, but hurries on as if he wished to escape you, and looks as stupid as a man who has been drunk overnight. On emerging from his coffeehouse, however, full primed, he is eager to get hold of any body's button, and overwhelms him with a recapitulation of what his unfortunate victim has probably, but the moment before, been perusing. It is in vain that the writhing victim protests he is fully acquainted with the whole particulars; Sir John Horrible replies with his usual incapacity of speaking to the point, "Well, but just wait till I tell it out." His whole soul is engrossed with the story, if it be sufficiently terrific; and it is even questionable whether he hears a word that is said to him after he has fairly entered upon it. "Well, but just wait till I tell it out," seems rather to be intended as a sort of general quietus for every kind of remonstrance or interruption.

Murders, robberies, burglaries, overturns of coaches, conflagrations, shipwrecks, and every species of atrocity and of accident, are the subjects to which Sir John exclusively confines his attention. If you have been absent in the country for some time, and, wishing to know what politics are afoot, ask him if there is any thing of importance in the newspapers to-day, he will perhaps inform you, "A fire in Manchester, but quite inconsiderable—the top story of a house burnt to the ground [for Sir John occasionally improves upon the style of the reporters], two children lost, and several people scorched, and bruised by the falling timbers, in attempting to save them—nothing in the least worth speaking of." He is grown so callous to suffering, so fastidious in his taste for disaster, and voracious of horrors, that his satisfaction is not complete—he feels, as it were, his consequence diminished—if he be not able to appal you with the recital of some dreadful calamity; and what especially gratifies him is, to recount the loss of human life under circumstances unusually revolting or atrocious. This singular predilection soon becomes apparent to every body who converses with him; and people amuse themselves at his expense by making experiments to discover with what promptitude he hastens to display it: One day a person insidiously inquired of him, "how markets were going?" "The fairs in the north," replied Sir John, "have lately been infested with swarms of expert pickpockets, and several daring and atrocious robberies have been committed on farmers as they were returning home in the evening, and even in broad daylight." Another individual gave in his hearing a feigned account of a Welshman having, for a wager, undertaken to walk along a rope of ordinary

thickness, stretched across a frightful chasm fifty feet deep, and about twenty in breadth. "The adventurous youth," said the wag, imitating the working-up, turgid and redundant style of the paragraph-writers, "had reached halfway across, when, although a remarkably calm and placid day had been chosen for the exploit, a breath of wind arose. The rope was seen to vibrate. It was a moment of dreadful suspense; but it was only a moment. In the view of surrounding thousands, who had assembled from all quarters to be witnesses of the daring adventure, the poor fellow fairly lost his balance, and, awful to relate, was immediately precipitated to the bottom, and suffered a severe fracture of one of his legs." The remark most obvious to all other people, on hearing an incident like this related, would have been, "It was well it was no worse;" but the peculiar twist of Sir John Horrible's ideas suggested one quite different: "That story," exclaimed he, indignant at having been betrayed into listening to so frivolous a matter as the breaking of a man's leg, "is not worth telling. If the fellow's body had been dashed to pieces on the rocks below, it would have been something." Strange disappointment, that a man should wish to hear of the death of a fellow-being rather than of his having received a hurt admitting of cure!

The columns of the Morning Herald furnish Sir John with his favourite reading. His first care, on entering his coffeehouse, is to bespeak that paper; and having obtained it, all else in the world is utterly forgotten, until he satiate his mind amidst its narratives of blood and crime. Once only in his lifetime has he been known to miss the perusal of this much-prized journal. Several wags who frequented the same coffeehouse, and had observed the eagerness with which he always sought after the Herald, combined to engross it among themselves quite beyond the time they knew he usually spent in the place. When he came in, the first thing he did was to spy out the gentleman in whose hands the paper was—for he never employs the waiter in this important business, but always performs it himself—and to address him in his usual phrase, "The Morning Herald after you, sir, if you please." "It's engaged, sir," answered the gentleman gravely, without lifting his eyes. "After the next gentleman," said Sir John, elevating his voice a little. "It's bespoken," responded another individual. To be short, the detested words "engaged" and "bespoken" resounded from corner to corner, and from box to box, until poor Sir John Horrible perceived, that, according to the time which the regulations of the house allowed one reader to keep a paper after another asked for it, he should be obliged to wait till near noon before his own turn came round. "Waiter," said he, in a tone as if he were angry with the man, "let me have breakfast, will you!" He then endeavoured to solace himself by glancing at some country papers that were tossing about, neglected by every body; there, however, he could meet with nothing but accounts unconscionably long, and ornamented with the most flowery and ecstatic phrases, of county balls, and controversies, equally tedious and bitter, concerning local politics, in letters from X, Veritas, and the rest of them: not a single clown had murdered his sweetheart and flung her into a pond; nor had any miser been found, several weeks after his death, with his body half-devoured by vermin, within a solitary hovel, where he had lived for years, without an attendant, and perished at last from cold and hunger, with bills for thousands tied up in bags beside him. Failing to discover any shocking narrative to his taste, or, as he termed it, "any thing good," he tossed down one paper, lifted another, fidgetted, and looked his watch—turned over the papers, fidgetted, and looked his watch again—always hoping that some of the individuals who stood between him and the Herald would grow weary, and drop off. But his anxious hopes were disappointed; the conspirators proved staunch to their purpose, and Sir John was obliged to give up the point, and to leave the house, without having obtained the smallest morsel of breakfast to his mind, which remained for the day in a state of deplorable vacuity.

There are many who pursue the same course of reading with Sir John Horrible; but most of them turn it to better account—remark and comparing the desperate actions to which men of different dispositions are driven by the impulse of violent passions, and thus descending, as it were, to the bottom of the deepest and most hideous whirlpools of the human heart. Some, again, like Paley, who was a frequent attendant at the Old Bailey trials, love to trace the links of evidence, to see how by little and little they are brought distinctly into view where at first it seemed they were entirely lost, and to follow on to the end, until the fully discovered chain drags the deed of darkness into clearest day. But Sir John cares for none of these investigations; his capacities, as we have said, are never any thing enlarged or improved. As wave comes on wave, so one daily paper succeeds its predecessor, and effaces every previous impression. Sir John deals only in news; and what an intolerable thing would it be in London for a man to be retailing the news of yesterday! Seeing no use in remembering them, therefore, he has habituated his memory to let them slip from it when he goes to bed, in order to be ready to take in an entirely fresh stock next morning. The gauge of his mind may be easily taken at any

time, the amount of his knowledge being neither more nor less than what is to be found in certain columns of the Morning Herald for that day only. His reading makes little farther impression upon him than just to enable him to talk; he neither feels pity nor indignation, though the narratives in which he delights be well calculated to excite these emotions; nor does he resemble some people of a gloomy and at the same time a weak and timorous disposition, who cannot refrain from feeding their fears with stories of murder and robbery, and who for security double-bar, double-lock, double-padlock, and double-chain, their doors. None of his neighbours were ever either robbed or murdered; and the thought never occurred that any of these things should happen to himself. He goes on, therefore, making them altogether matters of connoisseurship; and when he dies, his epitaph may be, "Here lies Sir John Horrible, aged — He read the Morning Herald daily."

EDUCATION.

[We have much pleasure in here laying before our numerous readers the introductory part of Mr Combe's Lectures on Education, which he has not only permitted us to use in this manner, but revised and amended for the special service of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

A FEW years ago, no question was more frequently asked than, What is the use of Education? and to none was it more difficult to give a satisfactory answer; not because education is of no use, but because the very term was apprehended in such a variety of senses by different individuals, that it was impossible to show that education was calculated to attain the precise advantage which each aspired to, when pursuing his own notion of utility. Besides, education is calculated to correct so many errors in practice, and to supply so many deficiencies in human institutions, that volumes would be required to render its real importance thoroughly conspicuous. Owing to the want of a philosophy of mind, education has hitherto been conducted empirically; and instead of obtaining from it a correct view of the nature of man, and of the objects and duties of life, each individual has been left to form, upon these points, theories for himself, derived from the impressions made upon his own mind by the particular circumstances in which he has been placed. No reasonable person takes up the philosophy of astronomy, or of chemistry, or of physiology, at his own hand, without study, and without seeking for ascertained principles; yet, in the philosophy of mind, the practice is quite different. Every professor, schoolmaster, author, editor, and pamphleteer—every member of parliament, counselor, and judge—has a set of notions of his own, which, in his mind, hold the place of a system of the philosophy of man; and although he may not have methodised his ideas, or even acknowledged them to himself as a theory, yet they constitute a standard to him, by which he practically judges of all questions in morals, politics, and religion. He advocates whatever views coincide with them, and condemns all that differ from them, with as little hesitation as a professional theorist himself, and without the least thought of trying his own principles by any standard whatever. In short, in the great mass of the people, the mind, in judging of questions relating to morals, politics, and social institutions, acts as if it were purely instinctive, and exhibits all the conflict and uncertainty of mere feeling, unguided either by principles of reason or by facts ascertained by experience. Hence, public measures in general, whether relating to education, religion, trade, manufactures, the poor, criminal law, or any other of the dearest interests of society, instead of being treated as branches of one general system of economy, and adjusted on scientific principles, each in harmony with the others, are too often supported or opposed on narrow and empirical grounds, and occasionally call forth displays of ignorance, prejudice, and intolerance, at once disgraceful to the age, and calculated greatly to obstruct the progress of substantial improvement. Indeed, unanimity on questions of which the first principles must be found in the constitution of human nature, will be impossible, even among sensible and virtuous men, so long as no standard of mental philosophy is admitted to guide individual feelings and perceptions. Hence, when a young man, educated as a merchant, asks the use of any thing, the only answer which will thoroughly interest him, will be one showing how much money may be made by it. The devout religious professor will acknowledge that alone to be useful, which tends directly to salvation; while the votary of fashion will admit the utility of such pursuits only as are recognised by the refined but frivolous and generally ill-informed circle, which to him constitutes the highest tribunal of wisdom. To expound to such persons principles affecting the general interests of society, and to talk to them of schemes for promoting the happiness of human beings in their various every-day conditions of husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and servants, teachers and pupils, and governors and subjects, appears like indulging a warm imagination in fanciful speculation. They think that the experience of six thousand years is sufficient to show that man is not destined in this life to be greatly different from what he has always been and now is; and that any measures pretending greatly to improve his condition, however desirable, are not at all to be believed in by sensible and prac-

tical people. This state of things could not exist if education embraced a true system of human nature, and an exposition of its relations to the external world.

To enable us to form a just estimate of our position as intelligent and accountable beings, introduced into a world prepared for our reception, and adapted to our nature by Divine power, wisdom, and goodness, let us briefly investigate, 1st, The general aspect of external nature; and, 2d, Our own constitution.

The first fact that presents itself to our notice in this inquiry is, that the constitution of this world does not look like a system of optimism, but appears to be arranged in all its departments on the principle of gradual and progressive improvement. Physical nature itself has undergone many revolutions, and apparently has constantly advanced. Geology seems to show a distinct preparation of it for successive orders of living beings, rising higher and higher in the scale of intelligence and organization, until man appeared.

The globe, in the first state in which the imagination can venture to consider it, says Sir H. Davy, appears to have been a fluid mass, with an immense atmosphere revolving in space round the sun. By its cooling, a portion of its atmosphere was probably condensed into water, which occupied a part of its surface. In this state no forms of life, such as now belong to our system, could have inhabited it. The crystalline rocks, or, as they are called by geologists, the primary rocks, which contain no vestiges of a former order of things, were the results of the first consolidation on its surface. Upon the farther cooling, the water, which, more or less, had covered it, contracted; depositions took place; shell-fish and coral insects were created, and began their labours. Islands appeared in the midst of the ocean, raised from the deep by the productive energies of millions of zoophytes. These islands became covered with vegetables fitted to bear a high temperature, such as palms, and various species of plants, similar to those which now exist in the hottest parts of the world. The submarine rocks of these new formations of land became covered with aquatic vegetables, on which various species of shell-fish, and common fishes, found their nourishment. As the temperature of the globe became lower, species of the oviparous reptiles appear to have been created to inhabit it; and the turtle, crocodile, and various gigantic animals of the Sauri (lizard) kind, seem to have haunted the bays and waters of the primitive lands. But in this state of things, there appears to have been no order of events similar to the present. Immense volcanic explosions seem to have taken place, accompanied by elevations and depressions of the surface of the globe, producing mountains, and causing new and extensive depositions from the primitive ocean. The remains of living beings, plants, fishes, birds, and oviparous reptiles, are found in the strata of rocks which are the monuments and evidence of these changes. When these revolutions became less frequent, and the globe became still more cooled, and inequalities of temperature were established by means of the mountain chains, more perfect animals became its inhabitants, such as the mammoth, megalonix, megatherium, and gigantic hyena, many of which have become extinct. Five successive races of plants, and four successive races of animals, appear to have been created and swept away by the physical revolutions of the globe, before the system of things became so permanent as to fit the world for man. In none of these formations, whether called secondary, tertiary, or diluvial, have the fossil remains of man, or any of his works, been discovered. At last, man was created, and since that period there has been little alteration in the physical circumstances of the globe.

'In all these various formations,' says Dr Buckland, 'the coprolites (or the excrement of the saurian reptiles in a fossil state) form records of warfare waged by successive generations of inhabitants of our planet on one another; and the general law of nature, which bids all to eat and be eaten in their turn, is shown to have been co-extensive with animal existence upon our globe, the *carnivora* in each period of the world's history fulfilling their destined office to check excess in the progress of life, and maintain the balance of creation.'

This brief summary of the physical changes of the globe is not irrelevant to our present object. The more that is discovered of creation, the more conspicuously does uniformity of design appear to pervade its every department. We perceive here the physical world gradually improved and prepared for man.

Let us now contemplate man himself, and his adaptation to the external creation. The order of creation seems not to have been changed at his introduction:—he appears to have been adapted to it. He received from his Creator an organised structure, and animal instincts. He took his station among, yet at the head of, the beings that existed at his creation. Man is to a certain extent an animal in his structure, powers, feelings, and desires, and is adapted to a world in which death reigns, and generation succeeds generation. This fact, although so trite and obvious as to appear scarcely worthy of being noticed, is of importance in treating of education; because the human being, in so far as he resembles the inferior creatures, is capable of enjoying a life like theirs: he has pleasure in eating, drinking, sleeping, and exercising his limbs; and one of the greatest obstacles to improvement is, that many of

the race are contented with these enjoyments, and consider it painful to be compelled to seek higher sources of gratification. But to man's animal nature have been added, by a bountiful Creator, moral sentiments and reflecting faculties, which not only place him above all other creatures on earth, but constitute him a different being from any of them, a rational and accountable creature. These faculties are his highest and his best gifts, and the sources of his purest and intensest pleasures. They lead him directly to the great objects of his existence—obedience to God, and love to his fellow-men. But this peculiarity attends them, that while his animal faculties act powerfully of themselves, his rational faculties require to be cultivated, exercised, and instructed, before they will yield their full harvest of enjoyment. In regard to them, education becomes of paramount importance.

The Creator has so arranged the external world as to hold forth every possible inducement to man to cultivate his higher powers, nay almost to constrain him to do so. The philosophic mind, in surveying the world as prepared for the reception of the human race, perceives in external nature a vast assemblage of stupendous powers, too great for the feeble hand of man entirely to control, but kindly subjected within certain limits to the influence of his will. Man is introduced on earth apparently helpless and unprovided for as a homeless stranger; but the soil on which he treads is endowed with a thousand capabilities of production, which require only to be excited by his intelligence to yield him the most ample returns. The impetuous torrent rolls its waters to the main; but as it dashes over the mountain-cliff, the human hand is capable of withdrawing it from its course, and bending its powers subservient to his will. Ocean extends over half the globe her liquid plain, in which no path appears, and the rude winds oft lift her waters to the sky; but there the skill of man may launch the strong knit bark, spread forth the canvass to the gale, and make the trackless deep a highway through the world. In such a state of things, knowledge is truly power; and it is obviously the interest of human beings to become acquainted with the constitution and relations of every object around them, that they may discover its capabilities of ministering to their own advantage. Farther, where these physical energies are too great to be controlled, man has received intelligence by which he may observe their course, and accommodate his conduct to their influence. This capacity of adaptation is a valuable substitute for the power of regulating them by his will. Man cannot arrest the sun in its course, so as to avert the wintry storms and cause perpetual spring to bloom around him; but, by the proper exercise of his intelligence and corporeal energies, he is able to foresee the approach of bleak skies and rude winds, and to place himself in safety from their injurious effects. These powers of controlling nature, and of accommodating his conduct to its course, are the direct results of his rational faculties; and in proportion to their cultivation is his sway extended. If the rain fall and the wind blow, and the ocean billows lash against the mere animal, it must endure them all; because it cannot control their action, nor protect itself by art from their power. Man, while ignorant, continues in a condition almost equally helpless. But let him put forth his proper human capacities, and he then finds himself invested with the power to rear, to build, to fabricate, and to store up provisions; and by availing himself of these resources, and accommodating his conduct to the course of nature's laws, he is able to smile in safety beside the cheerful hearth, when the elements maintain their fiercest war abroad.

Again: We are surrounded by countless beings, inferior and equal to ourselves, whose qualities yield us the greatest happiness, or bring upon us the bitterest evil, according as we affect them agreeably or disagreeably by our conduct. To draw forth all their excellencies, and cause them to diffuse joy around us—to avoid touching the harsher springs of their constitution, and bringing painful discord to our ears—it is indispensably necessary that we know the nature of our fellows, and act with a habitual regard to the relations established by the Creator betwixt ourselves and them.

Man, ignorant and uncivilised, is a ferocious, sensual, and superstitious savage. The external world affords some enjoyments to his animal feelings, but it confounds his moral and intellectual faculties. External nature exhibits to his mind a mighty chaos of events, and a dread display of power. The chain of causation appears too intricate to be unravelled, and the power too stupendous to be controlled. Order and beauty, indeed, occasionally gleam forth to his eye, from detached portions of creation, and seem to promise happiness and joy; but more frequently, clouds and darkness brood over the scene, and disappoint his fondest expectations. Evil seems so mixed up with good, that he regards it either as its direct product or its inseparable accompaniment. Nature is never contemplated with a clear perception of its adaptation to the purpose of promoting the true enjoyment of man, or with a well-founded confidence in the wisdom and benevolence of its Author. Man, when civilised and illuminated by knowledge, on the other hand, discovers in the objects and occurrences around him a scheme beautifully arranged for the gratification of his whole powers, animal, moral, and

intellectual; he recognises in himself the intelligent and accountable subject of an all-bountiful Creator, and in joy and gladness desires to study the Creator's works, to ascertain his laws, and to yield to them a steady and a willing obedience. Without undervaluing the pleasures of his animal nature, he tastes the higher, more refined, and more enduring delights of his moral and intellectual capacities, and he then calls aloud for education as indispensable to the full enjoyment of his rational powers.

If this representation of the condition of the human being on earth be correct, we perceive clearly the unspeakable advantage of applying our minds to gain knowledge, and of regulating our conduct according to rules drawn from the information acquired. Our constitution and our position equally imply, that the grand object of our existence is, not to remain contented with the pleasures of mere animal life, but to take the dignified and far more delightful station of moral and rational occupants of this lower world. Education, then, means the process of acquiring that knowledge of ourselves and of external nature, and the formation of those habits of enterprise and activity, which are indispensable to the performance of our parts, with intelligence and success, in such a scene.

These views may appear to many persons to be so clearly founded in reason, as to require neither proof nor illustration; yet there are others who are little familiar with such contemplations, to whom a few elucidations may be useful. As the latter are precisely those whom we desire to benefit, I solicit your permission to enter into a few details, even at the risk of appearing tedious to the more enlightened among my hearers.

To understand correctly the constitution of the human mind, and its need of instruction, it is useful to compare it with that of the inferior animals. The lower creatures are destined to act from instinct; and instinct is a tendency to act in a certain way, planted in the animal directly by the Creator, without its knowing the ultimate design, or the nature of the means by which its aim is to be accomplished. A bee, for example, constructs its cell in conformity with the most rigid principles of physical science, according to which it is necessary that the fabric should possess a particular form, and be joined to other cells at a particular angle, in preference to all others. The creature has no knowledge of these principles, but acts in accordance with them, by an impulse obviously planted in it by the author of its being. Man is not directed by unerring impulses like this. Before he could construct a fabric with similar success, he would require to become acquainted, by experiment and observation, with the nature of the materials which he intended to use; and to form a clear conception of the whole design, previously to the commencement of his labour. A mother, among the inferior animals, is impelled by pure instinct to administer to her offspring that kind of protection, food, and training, which its nature and circumstances require; and so admirably does she fulfil this duty even at the first call, that human sagacity could not improve, or rather could not at all equal, her treatment. Now, these animals proceed without consciousness of the admirable wisdom displayed in their actions, because they do not act from knowledge and design. It is certain that wherever design appears, there must be intelligence; but the wisdom resides not in the animals, but in their author. The Creator, therefore, in constituting the bee, or the beaver, possessed perfect knowledge of the external circumstances in which He was about to place it, and of its relations, when so placed, to all other creatures and objects; and conferred on it powers or instincts of action, admirably adapted to secure its preservation and enjoyment. Hence, when enlightened men contemplate the habits and powers of animals, and compare them with their condition, they perceive wisdom and benevolence conspicuously displayed by the Creator.

One consequence of this constitution, however, is, that there is no progression among the lower creatures considered as a race. Their endowments and condition having been appointed directly by divine wisdom, improvement is impossible, without a change either of their nature or of the external world. They are placed at once at the highest point to which their constitution permits them to ascend; and the possibility of their attempting to emerge out of their condition is effectually cut off, by their being denied the means not only of recording, but even of acquiring, any knowledge of design and relations, beyond the sphere of their own instincts. The fact that individuals of the domestic animals improve under human tuition, is not in real opposition to this principle; because the nature of the horse, the dog, and other creatures destined to live with man, is constituted with reference to human influence. Their powers are constituted, so as to admit of his improving individuals among them; but they do not advance as a race.

Man has also received instincts which resemble those of the lower animals, such as the love of sex, of offspring, of society, and of praise, the instinct of resentment, and many others; by the exercise of which, as I have said, he may maintain his purely animal existence, with very little aid from education. But he is distinguished by the addition of two orders of faculties, which the inferior creatures want: 1st, Moral sentiments—such as the love of justice, of

piety, of universal happiness, of perfection; and, 2dly, Reflecting faculties fitted to acquire knowledge of the properties of external objects, of their modes of action, and of their effects.

These two classes of faculties render man a very different being from the inferior creatures. The function of reason being to acquire knowledge of objects and their effects, man is not carried to the most beneficial mode of promoting his own happiness in the direct and unreflecting manner in which the inferior creatures are led to that end. The human female, for example, devoid of all instruction and experience, will feel as lively a joy at the birth of a child, and as warm an attachment towards it, and will as ardently desire its welfare, as the most devoted among the inferior creatures; because she possesses the same instinctive love of offspring which distinguishes them. But in that condition of ignorance, she will not administer towards it the same perfect treatment, with reference to its wants, as the mother in the lower scale; and for this reason, that, in the animal, the instinct is directed to its proper mode of gratification by the Author of Nature: He prompts her to do exactly what His wisdom knows to be necessary; whereas, in the human being, the instinct is left to the guidance of reason. Woman is commanded to exert her intellect in studying the constitution, bodily and mental, of herself and her offspring, in order that she may rear it with success in all stages of its existence, while it requires her assistance; and if she shall neglect to perform this duty, she and her children will suffer a severe penalty, in being exposed to all the consequences of erroneous treatment.

Many persons are not aware that human instincts are more blind than those of the lower animals, and that they lead to worse results when not directed by reason. They imagine that if they possess a feeling strongly, such as the love of offspring, or the feeling of veneration, they cannot err in the mode of gratifying it; they act with all the energy of impulse, and all the blindness of infatuation. A mighty change will be effected in human conduct, when the mass of mankind become acquainted with the indispensable necessity of reason to the proper direction of their feelings, and with the fact that knowledge is the grand element, without which reason cannot be efficiently exerted. Man, therefore, being a progressive and improvable being, has been furnished with reason, and been left to discover, by the exercise of it, his own nature, the nature of external objects, and their effects, and to adapt the one to the other for his own advantage; and when he shall do so, he will assume his proper station as a rational being. The only limit to this proposition is, that each of his faculties, bodily and mental, and every external object, have received a definite constitution, and are regulated by precise laws, so that limits have been set to human aberration, and also to human attainments; but within these limits, vast materials for producing happiness, by harmonious and wise adaptations, or misery, by discordant and foolish combinations, exist; and these must be discovered and employed by man, before he can reach the full enjoyment of which his nature is susceptible.

THE SCOTCH GREENWICH PENSIONER.

[In Mr Galt's "Stories of the Study," a work recently published, and which we recommend to the perusal of readers of fiction, the following simple tale of a Scotsman, a Greenwich pensioner, occurs, which we extract and abridge, both for the sake of the author, by making his volumes better known, and the entertainment of those who, from the circumstances in which they are placed, will never see the publication itself.]

LONG ago, when America belonged to England, and we had beat the French in all the four quarters of the globe, the Virginia trade was brisk in the Clyde; and my father, who was an English sailor, went to look for bread at a town called Greenock, in the west of Scotland, where he was told berths were plentiful, and sailors in request. My father was a brave, rattling lad, and whenever he came home off a voyage, we had—that is, my mother and me—shining times of it; for he liked to make his glittering money fly, like the dust in a summer's day, saying blithely, when my mother thought him over spiritily, that it was more in the scattering than the gathering that right seamen made their valuations. She was a fair and gentle woman; and I thought, because she spoke the English, that she was surely come of something o'er the common; for the generality speak a horrible lingo in Greenock. However that may be, I forget now where we came from, and she died before I was four years old, so it is no wonder; but I cannot forget herself; she was, I think, the most of a lady I ever saw—so sweet and so pleasant! Sure am I, had she been acquainted with the queen, she would have been taken on for a maid of honour, or else have had her fortune made. But she died, and was buried in the West Kirkyard; I carried her head by the coffin string; for I was a little boy, and my father was on the sea.

At night I missed her, for she lay aneath the yird, and would not come, though I grut sore, and said the burial bread they gied to pacify me was dreadful, and I wanted her to pree't. But the young heart, though it may prove drowdy afterwards, stots up when cast down by the hand of misfortune. I soon forgot my

kind and loving parent, nor did I see my fine, merry father any more; for the ship he was in was lost, in the hame-coming, in the Bay of Glenjuce, and he, with the captain and another man, were plucked from the boom by a billow, and carried away by the wave.

Thus it came to pass that I was bequeathed an orphan to the Christianity of the neighbours; and old Janet, as the widow was called, took me for an amous, saying often, though she was a bare woman, that "He who took the pains to make the creature would surely provide for it;" adding, "the rich might buy braw cleeding, but the poor had of Nature the comfort of the warm heart."

Being thus taken in by Janet, who had but her wheel for a bread-winner, and the kirk-session for her almonry, I became to her, as she often said, as she kissed me in the gloaming, when it grew over dark to spin, the sugar in her cracker cup of life, "which the Lord had been pleased to mask wersh, wersh and thin!"

When I was grown up from a bairn to a callan, I was sent to a school, for which grannie, as by this time I had learnt to call old Janet, paid a penny a-week to the master—I mind the rate well, because not being used to hain for the cost, she had only a halfpenny, and I was sent to borrow another from the neighbours; but they had none to lend, the hearing of which made her, with the tear in her eye, go to the family below, and tell her stress. When she got the penny made up, she brought it to me to take, saying, "what would come of the poor, if there was na a Lord in the heavens!" However, with an ettle and a thole, she brought me up, and in course of nature got me made a cabin-boy, with Captain Cross-trees, in the tobacco trade; and her house was my home till she died in the winter after, and left me alone in the world, with a Bible, which was in the session roup spared for a residue; indeed, they would have roup even that, but she was in the way of calling it Billy's book, which made a neighbour woman tell the unctioneer that it was all my heritage.

It is a heartsome thing for a friendless orphan to be a sailor-boy; for if he behave himself, he makes friends of all on board.

In this situation I learned navigation, and became an active seaman. But my career in the merchant service was soon cut short. On our vessel returning home, a press-gang came on board, and, to save a young man who was just a year married, and was now on his way to see his wife, I volunteered to go on board of the man-of-war, which altered the current of my life.

Being taken to the *Savage* at the tail of the bank, we were not long on board till soon it was known, fore and aft in the sloop of war, how I had entered without the bounty: all the officers came and spoke to me; even the captain, when he came off to dinner, was told the whole tot of the story, and he made me on that very day the captain of the fore-top, which gave the men under me great contentation, for all the crew were well pleased to hear how I had come to save Robin, and for nothing.

That was my first step of promotion, and every one told me that I must get on, for I was then a steady and a tight lad, and having both my arms, was willing, brisk, and handy.

On one occasion afterwards, the *Savage* sailed with all the pressed men, to man the king's ships at Plymouth, and of course I went with her, being the captain of the fore-top.

At the time that the *Ajax* (in which vessel I had been put aboard) was ready for sea, the signs of war were very heartening, and it was said that the Queen of France had sent our King's wife a diamond stomacher, which, as the French are well known all the world over for having false hearts, was to every sailor in the *Ajax* a sure proof that a war would soon ensue; so with this hope we put to sea, but it was all to no purpose—we sailed up and down like a fish in the water, and met with nothing so warlike as a drove of pellocks that were tumbling, like wull-cats, heads over heels in the sunny calm of a blessed evening in June.

At this time I made a reflection, saying to myself, that unless a man had the good luck to be placed in a jeopardy, it could never be known how he would stand it; so I put down the sedition of my thoughts, and would have been content with my mediocrity; but I was never rated on the books of Fate to be an admiral, or ordained to taste such a beverage as glory.

One day, when I was holding on by a sheet, a marlinpike from aloft fell, and the thick end happening to be downwards—in other words, head foremost—it struck my left arm just at the elbow, and smashed the bone, so that the doctor was obliged to saw it off to save dear life, by which, while it was healing, I lost some of the bravery of my thoughts; and now and then, when in the fog, I had no fair-weather fancies in thinking how it had pleased Providence to cast me away on the shores of sin and misery; but still I called to mind how be it is for all, that the king had built Greenwich for sailors, though I thought myself too young for a berth there.

My messmates, seeing me not so hearty sometimes when I looked at my stump, made me think cheerily, by telling of officers they knew who had lost a fin as well as me, and yet would serve the king like

men, and never lost their promotion, saying, that in course of nature, while a sailor did his duty, it was not in the power of the first lord to prevent it, far less the secretary. Thus, as the amputation was healing, I got into the trades of the mind; and, although no longer on the ship's books as an able-bodied, having carried away the larboard arm, there was not one in the crew that knew me who did not say he would help me to make up the detriment to the king, so that the loss of my arm should not be missed in the service—for true sailors are right men, and not much sin grows on oak plank.

Thus it came to pass, I staid in the *Ajax*, and was as handy as a Jack could be who has got a mutilation. When I got well, and was used to one hand, I grew again into comfort, and could beat to windward, and thought so to weather cape Fortune, that I was not down-hearted.

At last the mounsheers, then, showed their colours, which was what every king's-man long expected; for, being on sea, sailors have a better notion of political about ships, than the land-crabs, for all their jabber, which is the reason why we have no need of newspapers to keep us right in the fleet.

We were in Portsmouth, snug hauled, when the orders came to put to sea, with leave to grab the French. My eye, such a to-do! Every man had a balloon heart, and was an admiral of the red. The very rigging glowed in the grip, and the ship was as playful as a sucking puppy whose brothers and sisters are with Davy Jones. In less than no time we stood out to sea, the wind right aft—every stitch big-bellied, but not enough for the impatient *Ajax*.

We bore straight away for Ushant, and had not reached sight of the French land when we saw a black thief of a lugger coming, cowering and skulking along shore. As it was not worth the *Ajax's* while to step aside, we lowered and manned the launch to take possession; and the officer in command, seeing my mouth watering to go, gave me encouragement, and I was allowed.

Cheerily we rowed, but the enemy was good stuff, and as saucy as a well-gear'd wench on the Point. She fired—but we, seeing she would be ours, rowed right on, taking no notice. She fired again—I felt something, and there lay my right hand in the bottom of the boat grasping a cutlass. It was the last shot, and I was handless: it was God's pleasure, and I was not consulted—but there lay the fin, and my trousers were bloody.

As the lugger struck immediately after, I was not left long to rue the damage; but being a young man, I could only wish, when I thought of the mortification, that it had been my head instead of my arm; for I don't see the use of keeping men alive who require another to stow away their prog. Howsoever, to obey the tale, I was carried back to the *Ajax*, and I saw no more the cock-hat ahead that had been so long the lighthouse of my dreams.

When I was hoisted on board, I did not think so many in the ship knew me—even the captain came to see me, but he could not light the doused hope again, though he told me of Greenwich, and that a berth was ready for me there. I wished at the time he had not so tried to cheer me; for I had not till then thought it could be no longer doubted I was born to be a hulk.

But though for a time, and while the ship was at sea, I looked with a hearty face at calamity, yet, being weak with the loss of blood, I often lay in the dark in my hammock, wondering, with watery eyes, for what purpose I had been made, thinking of old kind grannie, that used to call me admiral; but she sleeps sound in the West Kirkyard—and there was mercy in that thought, for she could not see my handless arms.

By and bye, when our cruise was over, we came again to anchor at Spithead. The next day it was ordered to take me on shore, and as I was sitting with a cold heart on the fore-castle unable to work—for both my hands were away—all the beautiful morning of life shone like a vision before me, and I thought how magnificently the mighty *Ajax* sailed in quest of victory. In the triumph of the dream, I forgot that my left arm was then disabled, and I sternly grasped the cutlass that I thought was in my right; but a stun shot to my heart—the hand and the cutlass were for ever gone! It was like a Molly to be so womanish, though I could not help it; and finding my cheek grow wet, I lifted my arm to wipe it, but the stump was too short, and I could only let the sorrow faster flow.

When the hour came that I was to be handed into the boat—for I could do nothing myself—I felt, though I was so helpless, my heart grow proud and warm, and I bade my messmates good-bye as gay as a lark—but I had on a false face; and when one of them, in heedless regard, held out his hand to shake mine, I could but look in his face, and turn away my head.

At last the boat was ready: the coffin is not lowered into the grave with more sadness than I was into the boat; and I heard a stranger officer who was there say to the captain, "Poor fellow, it was not for this he came for Buntin!" I looked up, and saw it was the midshipman that pressed our men off the Point of Toward, and was so prime with his prize when he took me to the *Savage*. But grieving's a folly, and the song of "Poor Jack" being then new, I tried to sing it as we rowed towards the shore.

As it is melancholious, however, to think of these things, I will say no more of them, but mention, that, in due time, I was landed at Greenwich long ago, when I was but two-and-twenty; and I am now a

grey-haired old man, who is obliged to ask a messmate to open to him his Bible, till death, that is slow of coming; but when it comes, I'll be taken away and not missed, for I am but a cumberer of the ground, and often sin in saying to myself, that it was not right of Providence to give me such a forward heart, and so untimely, for so little purpose.

THE JEW OF WILNA.

In the advance of the French against Russia, a colonel, strolling in the suburbs of Wilna, heard cries of distress from a house, and entering to ascertain the cause, he found four soldiers engaged in plundering and ill-treating an aged Jew and a young girl. The marauders, not being inclined to relinquish their prey, proceeded to blows; but the colonel, who was an excellent swordsman, laid two of his assailants dead on the spot, and drove the other two from the house severely wounded; he himself received slight wounds, and a ball grazed his cheek. On the return of the remnant of the French army, oppressed with fatigue, want, and disease, the worn-out soldier, in rags, sought the dwelling of the Jew, and with difficulty was recognised, so completely changed was his appearance. The Jew completely furnished his wardrobe, and contrived to send him through the hostile armies to France. At the peace, the colonel was obliged to retire on a miserable pittance, which an aged mother and sister shared. He had forgotten the Jew of Wilna, when one evening, in the spring of 1816, a man called at his humble abode in the suburbs of Paris, and having satisfied himself as to his identity, placed in his hands a packet, and vanished. On opening it, the colonel found bills, on a banker in Paris, to the amount of L.5000, with the following note:—"He whose daughter you preserved from the most brutal treatment, whose life you saved, and whose house you protected from plunder at the risk of your existence, sends you an offering of his gratitude; the only return he requires is, if ever you hear the Jews contemned, you will say that one of that race knew how to be grateful." The old Jew died at Vienna; his daughter, the heiress of his immense wealth, the largest portion of which was in the French funds, visited Paris; it was natural she should seek the brave man who had preserved her from the worst of fates, and with no common emotions he found the young girl he had protected now a blooming and beautiful woman, and grateful as she was engaging. He became a lover, and she consented to be a wife. With her hand he received more than L.100,000.

CATAMARAN-MEN.

VESSELS approaching the shore at Madras in the East Indies, often find a great difficulty in going into port, or landing their cargoes and passengers, in consequence of the shallows and the raging surf which prevail on the coast. To assist in these purposes, and to act in some measure as life-preservers, there are a number of adventurous natives, who for hire sail through the surf upon things called catamarans, and are exceedingly useful in their perilous profession. Captain Hall thus describes this class of men, and their fragile machines:—"These primitive little life-preservers, the catamarans, which are a sort of satellites attending upon the passage-boat at Madras, consist of two or three logs of light wood fastened together, and are capable of supporting several persons. In general, however, there is but one man upon each, though on many there are two. Although the professed purpose of these rafts is to pick up the passengers of such boats as may be unfortunate enough to get upset in the surf, new comers from Europe are by no means comforted in their alarm on passing through the foam, to be assured that, in the possible event of their boat being capsized, the catamaran-men may probably succeed in picking them up before the sharks can find time to nip off their legs!

It is very interesting to watch the progress of those honest catamaran-fellows, who live almost entirely in the surf, and who, independently of their chief purpose of attending the masallah boats, are much employed as messengers to the ships in the roads, even in the worst weather. Strange as it may seem, they contrive, in all seasons, to carry off letters quite dry, though, in getting across the surf, they may be overwhelmed by the waves a dozen times.

I remember one day being sent with a note for the commanding officer of the flag-ship, which Sir Samuel Hood was very desirous should be sent on board; but as the weather was too tempestuous to allow even a masallah boat to pass the surf, I was obliged to give it to a catamaran-man. The poor fellow drew off his head a small skull-cap made apparently of some kind of skin, or oil-cloth, or bladder, and having deposited his dispatches therein, proceeded to execute his task.

We really thought, at first, that our messenger must have been drowned even in crossing the inner bar, for we well nigh lost sight of him in the hissing yeast of the waves in which he and his catamaran appeared only at intervals, tossing about like a cork in a pot of boiling water. But by far the most difficult part of his task remained after he had reached the comparatively smooth space between the two lines of surf, where we could observe him paddling to and fro as if in search of an opening in the moving wall of water raging between him and the roadstead. In fact, he was watching for a favourable moment, when, after the dash of some high wave, he might hope to make good his transit in safety.

After allowing a great many seas to break before he attempted to cross the outer bar, he at length seized the proper moment, and, turning his little bark to seaward, paddled out as fast as he could. Just as the gallant fellow, however, reached the shallowest part of the bar, and we fancied him safely across, a huge wave, which had risen with unusual quickness, elevated its foaming crest right before him, curling upwards many feet higher than his shoulders. In a moment he cast away his paddle, and leaping on his feet, he stood erect on his catamaran, watching with a bold front the advancing bank of water. He kept his position, quite undaunted, till the steep face of the breaker came within a couple of yards of him, and then leaping head foremost, he pierced the wave in a horizontal direction, with the agility and confidence of a dolphin. We had scarcely lost sight of his feet, as he shot through the heart of the wave, when such a dash took place as must have crushed him to pieces had he stuck by his catamaran, which was whisked instantly afterwards, by a kind of somersault, completely out of the water, by its rebounding off the sand-bank. On casting our eyes beyond the surf, we felt much relieved by seeing our shipwrecked friend merrily dancing on the waves at the back of the surf, leaping more than breast-high above the surface, and looking in all directions, first for his paddle, and then for his catamaran. Having recovered his oar, he next swam, as he best could, through the broken surf, to his raft, mounted it like a hero, and once more addressed himself to his task.

By this time, as the current always runs fast along the shore, he had drifted several hundred yards northward farther from his point. At the second attempt to penetrate the surf, he seemed to have made a small miscalculation, for the sea broke so very nearly over him, before he had time to quit his catamaran and dive into still water, that we thought he must certainly have been drowned. Not a whit, however, did he appear to have suffered, for we soon saw him again swimming to his rude vessel. Many times in succession he was thus washed off and sent whirling towards the beach, and as often obliged to dive head foremost through the waves. But at last, after very nearly an hour of incessant struggling, and the loss of more than a mile of distance, he succeeded, for the first time, in reaching the back of the surf, without having parted company either with his paddle or with his catamaran. After this it became all plain sailing; he soon paddled off to the Roads, and placed the admiral's letter in the first lieutenant's hands as dry as if it had been borne in a dispatch-box across the court-yard of the Admiralty, in the careful custody of my worthy friend Mr Nutland.

I remember, one day, when on board the Minden, receiving a note from the shore by a catamaran-lad, whom I told to wait for an answer. Upon this he asked for a rope, with which, as soon as it was given him, he made his little vessel fast, and lay down to sleep in the full blaze of a July sun. One of his arms and one of his feet hung into the water, though a dozen sharks had been seen cruising round the ship. A tacit contract, indeed, appears to exist between the sharks and these people, for I never saw, nor can I remember ever having heard of any injury done by one to the other. By the time my answer was written, the sun had dried up the spray on the poor fellow's body, leaving such a coating of salt, that he looked as if he had been dusted with flour. A few fanams—a small copper coin—were all his charge, and three or four broken biscuits in addition, sent him away the happiest of mortals."

PROGRESS OF VEGETATION.

It is curious to trace the first inroads of fertility on barrenness, by the natural growth of vegetation, in the shape of lichens, which seem to be the harbingers of the vegetable world, and ever exercising a restless activity in extending the dominion of vitality. "These little plants (observes Professor Burnett, in his Lectures) will often obtain a footing where nothing else could be attached. So small are many, that they are invisible to the naked eye; and the decay of these, when they have flourished and passed through their transient epochs of existence, is destined to form the first exuvial layer of vegetable mould; the successive generations give successive increments to that soil from which men are to reap their harvests, and cattle to derive their food; from which forests are designed to spring, and from which future navies are to be supplied. But how is this frail dust to maintain its station on the smooth and polished rock, when vitality has ceased to exert its influence, and the structure which fixed it has decayed? This is the point which has been too generally overlooked, and which is the most wonderful provision of all; the plant, when dying, digs for itself a grave, sculptures in the solid rock a sepulchre in which its dust may rest; for chemistry informs us, that not only do these lichens consist in part of gummy matter, which causes their particles to stick together, but that they likewise form, when living, a considerable quantity of oxalic acid, which acid, when by their decay set free, acts upon the rock, and thus is a hollow formed in which the dead matter of the lichen is deposited. Furthermore, the acid, by combining with the limestone or other material of the rock, will often produce an important ingredient in the vegetable mould; and not only this, the moisture thus conveyed into the cracks and crevices of rocks and stones, when frozen, rends them, and, by conti-

nual degradation, adds more and more to the forming soil. Successive generations of these plants successively perform their duties; and at length the barren breakers, or the pumice planes of a volcano, become converted into fruitful fields.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DREAMS.

SCARCELY any subject has been so puzzling to a number of physiological and metaphysical writers as that of dreams. Every one has had his theory, but none appears to be so correct, or so consistent with individual experience, as that lately given by Mr Macnish, of Glasgow, in his interesting work, "The Philosophy of Sleep." He tells us that dreams never occur during a state of perfect slumber, but when we are in some degree, or when one or more of our senses are awake, and in an active condition. We think it is proper that people should be made fully aware of this fact, in order that they may put away from their minds all nonsensical ideas about the prophetic qualities of their midnight imaginings.

The following is Mr Macnish's theory:—"A suspension (almost always complete) of the judgment, and an active state of memory, imagination, &c., are the only conditions essential to ordinary dreaming; but along with them there is usually a torpor of the organs of the senses, and of the powers of voluntary motion, the same as in complete sleep. Dreaming, therefore, is a state of partial slumber, in which certain parts of the brain are asleep, or deprived of their sensorial power, while others continue awake, or possess their accustomed proportion; and whatever produces dreams has the effect of exhausting this power in one set of faculties, while it leaves it untouched in others. Dreaming, then, takes place when the repose is broken, and consists of a series of thoughts or feelings called into existence by certain powers of the mind, while the other mental powers which control these thoughts or feelings, are inactive. This theory is the only one capable of affording a satisfactory explanation of all the phenomena of dreams. It embraces every difficult point, and is so accordant with nature, that there is every reason to suppose it founded on truth.

When dreams take place, it is evident that the whole mind is no longer in a state of inaction. Some one or other of its functions is going on, and evolving its peculiar trains of thought. If a person's memory for example, be active, he will then recall, with more or less vividness, former scenes or impressions; if his imagination be strongly excited, images of splendour or gloom may appear before his mental eye. These impressions, at the same time, will often possess a character of exaggeration, which would never have belonged to them, had the judgment been awake to control the fancy in its extravagant flights. The latter, at this period, is more active than ever, for it is a rule of nature, that diminished activity of one organ, or organs, strengthens that of others; thus, the blind acquire increased acuteness of hearing, and the deaf of sight.

In dreaming, the voluntary powers are generally, but not necessarily, suspended: we have a striking proof of this in somnambulism, which is a modification of dreaming. Dreams cannot take place in complete repose, for all the mental faculties are then dormant, and for a short period the person exists in a state of the most perfect oblivion. When, however, one faculty, or more than one, bursts asunder the bonds which enthralled it, while its fellows continue chained in sleep, then visions ensue, and the imagination dwells in that wide empire which separates the waking state from that of perfect sleep. It is the unequal distribution of sensorial energy which gives rise to those visionary phenomena. One faculty exerts itself vividly, without being under the control of the others. The imagination is at work, while the judgment is asleep; and thereby indulges in the maddest and most extravagant thoughts, free from the salutary check of the latter more sedate and judicious faculty.

Man is not the only animal subject to dreaming. We have every reason to believe that many of the lower animals do the same. Horses neigh and rear in their sleep, and dogs bark and growl, and exhibit all their characteristic passions. Probably, at such times, the remembrance of the chase or the combat was passing through the minds of these creatures; and they often manifest signs of kindness or playfulness, and of almost every other passion. Ruminating animals, such as the sheep and cow, dream less, but even they are sometimes so affected, especially at the period of rearing their young. If we descend still lower in the scale of life, we shall probably find the same phenomena to prevail; and, judging from analogy, we should suppose dreaming to be almost a universal law, nearly as universal as sleep itself.

Children dream almost from their birth; and if we may judge from what, on many occasions, they endure during sleep, we must suppose that the visions which haunt their young minds are often of a very frightful kind. Children, from many causes, are more apt to have dreams of terror than adults. In the first place, they are peculiarly subject to various diseases, such as teething, convulsions, and bowel complaints, those fertile sources of mental terror in sleep; and, in the second place, their minds are exceedingly susceptible of dread in all its forms, and prone to be acted on by it, whatever shape it assumes. Many of the dreams experienced at this early period leave an im-

delible impression upon the mind. They are remembered in after-life with feelings of pain; and blending with the more delightful reminiscences of childhood, inform us that this era, which we are apt to consider one unvaried scene of sunshine and happiness, had, as well as future life, its black shadows of melancholy, and was tinged almost equally with sorrow and care.

Some writers imagine, that, as we grow older, our dreams become less absurd and inconsistent, but this is extremely doubtful. Probably, as we advance in life, we are less troubled with these phenomena than at the period of youth, when imagination is full of activity, and the mind peculiarly liable to impressions of every kind; but when they do take place, we shall find them equally preposterous, unphilosophical, and crude, with those which haunted our early years. Old people dream more, however, than the middle-aged, owing doubtless to the more broken and disturbed nature of their repose, but the aged very seldom speak in their sleep, a circumstance very common with the young.

Dreams generally arise without any assignable cause, but sometimes we can very readily discover their origin. Whatever has much interested us during the day, is apt to resolve itself into a dream; and this will generally be pleasurable or the reverse, according to the nature of the exciting cause. If, for instance, our reading or conversation be of horrible subjects, such as spectres, murders, or conflagrations, they will appear before us, magnified and heightened, in our dreams. Or, if we have been previously sailing upon a rough sea, we are apt to suppose ourselves undergoing the perils of shipwreck. Under such circumstances, should the heat of the body be increased by febrile irritation, or the temperature of the room, our misfortune probably occurs under the burning sun of Africa: or if, from opposite circumstances, we labour under a chill, we may then be careering and foundering among the icebergs of the pole; while the whale, the morse, and the famished bear, are prowling around us, and claiming us for their prey.

The state of the stomach and liver has also a prodigious influence upon the character of dreams. Persons of bad digestion, especially hypochondriacs, are harassed with visions of the most frightful nature. This fact was well known to the celebrated Mrs Radcliffe, who, for the purpose of filling her sleep with those phantoms of horror which she has so forcibly embodied in the 'Mysteries of Udolpho' and 'Romance of the Forest,' is said to have supped upon the most indigestible substances; while Dryden and Fuseli, with the opposite view of obtaining splendid dreams, are reported to have eaten raw flesh. Diseases of the chest, where the breathing is impeded, also give rise to horrible visions, and constitute the frequent causes of that most frightful modification of dreaming—nightmare. A character of peculiar wildness and extravagance is given to our visions, by the usual intoxicating agents. By the use of such stimuli, the imagination is expanded, and filled with thoughts of the most eccentric description. Whatever emotions are called into birth, whether of a pleasing, a frightful, or a ludicrous description, are exaggerated beyond limits, and have a more soft, airy, and fugitive character, than those proceeding from almost any other cause. The person seems to himself to possess unusual lightness, and feels as if he could mount in the air, or float upon the clouds, while every object around him reels and staggers with emotion. In a word, the sensations of drunkenness are blended with the dream, and impress it with their own peculiar character.

Dreams often originate from the impressions made upon the body during sleep. Thus, if the clothes chance to fall off us, we are liable to suppose that we are parading the streets in a state of nakedness, and feel all the shame and inconvenience which such a state would in reality produce. We see crowds of people following after us, and mocking our nudity; and we wander from place to place, seeking a refuge under this ideal misfortune. Fancy, in truth, heightens every circumstance, and inspires us with greater vexation than we would feel, if actually labouring under a like annoyance.

On the other hand, the mind may be filled with imagery equally exaggerated, but of a more pleasing character. The sound of a flute in the neighbourhood may invoke a thousand beautiful and delightful associations. The air is perhaps filled with the tones of harps, and all other varieties of music—nay, the performers themselves are visible; and while the cause of this strange scene is one trivial instrument, he may be regaled with a rich and melodious concert.

There is another fact connected with dreams no less remarkable. When we are suddenly awakened from a profound slumber by a loud knock at, or by the rapid opening of, the door, a train of actions which it would take hours, or days, or even weeks to accomplish, sometimes passes through the mind. Time, in fact, seems to be in a great measure annihilated. An extensive period is reduced, as it were, to a single point, or rather a single point is made to embrace an extensive period. In one instant, we pass through many adventures, see many strange sights, and hear many strange sounds. If we are awakened by a loud knock, we have perhaps the idea of a tumult passing before us, and know all the characters engaged in it—their aspects, and even their very names. If the door open violently, the flood-gates of a canal may appear to be expanding, and we may see the individuals employed

in the process, and hear their conversation, which may seem an hour in length; if a light be brought into the room, the notion of the house being in flames invades us, and we are witnesses to the whole conflagration from its commencement till it be finally extinguished. The thoughts which arise in such situations are endless, and assume an infinite variety of aspects. The whole, indeed, constitutes one of the strangest phenomena of the human mind.

Dreams being produced by the active state of such organs as have not sympathized in the general slumber, partake of the character of those whose powers are in greatest vigour, or farthest removed from the somnolent state. A person's natural character, therefore, or his pursuits in life, by strengthening one faculty, make it less susceptible, than such as are weaker, to be overcome by complete sleep; or, if it be overcome, it awakes more rapidly from its dormant state, and exhibits its proper characteristics in dreams. Thus, the miser dreams of wealth, the lover of his mistress, the musician of melody, the philosopher of science, the merchant of trade, and the debtor of duns and bailiffs. In like manner, a choleric man is often passionate in his sleep; a vicious man's mind is filled with wicked actions; a virtuous man's with deeds of benevolence; a humorist's with ludicrous ideas.

One of the most remarkable phenomena attendant upon dreaming, is the almost universal absence of surprise. Scarcely any event, however incredible, impossible, or absurd, gives rise to this emotion. We see circumstances at utter variance with the laws of nature, and yet their discordancy, impracticability, and oddness, never strike us as at all out of the usual course of things. This is one of the strongest proofs that can be alleged in support of the dormant condition of the reflecting faculties. Had these powers been awake, and in full activity, they would have pointed out the erroneous nature of the impressions conjured into existence by fancy, and shown us truly that the visions passing before our eyes were merely the chimeras of an excited imagination—the airy phantoms of imperfect sleep.

I have elsewhere spoken of the confusion of ideas, amounting to a species of mild delirium, which immediately precedes sleep. This especially occurs when we are hovering, as it were, between the waking and the slumbering state. Our ideas have no resting-place, but float about in the confused tabernacle of the mind, and give rise to images of the most perplexed and undefined description. In this state they continue for some time, and either resolve themselves into dreams, or melt into thorough repose.

At other times, the objects of sleep are stamped with almost supernatural energy. Indeed, they are usually represented with far greater strength and distinctness than events which have had an actual existence. The dead, or the absent, whose appearances to our waking faculties had become faint and obscure, are depicted with intense reality and truth. We see them stand before us; and even their voices, which had become like the echo of a forgotten song, are recalled from the depths of oblivion, and speak to us as in former times. Dreams, therefore, have the power of brightening up the dim regions of the past, and presenting them with a force which the mere efforts of unassisted remembrance could never have accomplished in our waking hours.

In speaking of the dead, we have a striking instance of the absence of surprise. We almost never wonder at beholding individuals whom we yet know, in our dreams, to have even been buried for years. We see them among us, and hear them talk, and associate with them on the footing of fond companionship. Still the circumstance does not strike us with wonder, nor do we attempt to account for it. Frequently, however, we are not aware that the dead who appear before us are dead in reality. They still seem alive as when they walked on earth, only all their qualities, whether good or bad, are exaggerated by sleep. If we hated them while in life, our animosity is now exaggerated to a double degree. If we loved them, our affection becomes more passionate and intense than ever. Under these circumstances, many scenes of most exquisite pleasure often take place. The slumberer supposes himself enjoying the companionship of those who were dearer to him than life, and has far more intense delight than he could have experienced, had these individuals been in reality alive, and at his side.

There is one peculiarity of dreams which our author does not sufficiently elaborate, and which from experience we may advert to. In very many instances—perhaps in all—dreams are in a great measure a compound of shreds of past remembrances of events, of scenes, and of the appearance of individuals, all mixed up by imagination into a complete piece, like a scenic representation. Our fancy thus brings together a hodge-podge of recollections of things long past and recently seen; just as if our memory stored up all sorts of lumber, which is brought out at times during sleep, and ranged in a kind of regular order to make up an exhibition. But, as Mr Macnish observes, in conclusion, "dreaming may occur under a thousand various circumstances; that it may result from the actual state of the body, or from the condition of the mind previous to falling asleep; or exist as a train of emotions which can be referred to no extrinsic cause. The forms it assumes are also as various as the causes giving rise to it, and much more striking in their nature. Dreams are the

media under which imagination unfolds the ample stores of its richly decorated empire; and in proportion to the vigour of that faculty in any individual, is the luxuriance of the visions which pass before his eyes in sleep. But even the most dull and passionless, while under their influence, frequently enjoy a temporary inspiration: their torpid faculties are aroused from the numbing spell which hung over them in the waking state, and lighted up with the Promethean fire of genius and romance; the prose of their frigid spirits is converted into magnificent poetry; the atmosphere around them peopled with new and unheard-of imagery; and they walk in a region to which the proudest flights of their limited energies could never otherwise have attained."

A FLEMISH TRADITION.

THE following instance of the passion of revenge, when untempered by any thing like moral or religious influence, and incited by patriotism, is mentioned by Goldsmith in his publication called "the Bee," as being current as a traditional story in his time in Flanders:—

When the Saracens overran Europe with their armies, and penetrated as far even as Antwerp, Bidderman was lord of a city, which time has since swept into destruction. As the inhabitants of this country were divided under separate leaders, the Saracens found an easy conquest, and the city of Bidderman, among the rest, became a prey to the victors.

Thus dispossessed of his paternal city, our unfortunate governor was obliged to seek refuge from the neighbouring princes, who were as yet unsubdued, and he for some time lived in a state of wretched dependence among them.

Soon, however, his love to his native country brought him back to his own city, resolved to rescue it from the enemy, or fall in the attempt: thus, in disguise, he went among the inhabitants, and endeavoured, but in vain, to excite them to a revolt. Former misfortunes lay so heavily on their minds, that they rather chose to suffer the most cruel bondage, than attempt to vindicate their former freedom.

As he was thus one day employed, whether by information or from suspicion is not known, he was apprehended by a Saracen soldier as a spy, and brought before the very tribunal at which he once presided. The account he gave of himself was by no means satisfactory. He could produce no friends to vindicate his character; whereas, as the Saracens knew not their prisoner, and as they had no direct proofs against him, they were content with condemning him to be publicly whipped as a vagabond.

The execution of this sentence was accordingly performed with the utmost rigour. Bidderman was bound to the post, the executioner seeming disposed to add to the cruelty of the sentence, as he received no bribe for lenity. Whenever Bidderman groaned under the scourge, the other, redoubling his blows, cried out, "Does the villain murmur?" If Bidderman entreated but a moment's respite from torture, the other only repeated his former exclamation, "Does the villain murmur?"

From this period, revenge, as well as patriotism, took entire possession of his soul. His fury stooped so low as to follow the executioner with unrelenting resentment. But conceiving that the best method to attain these ends was to acquire some eminence in the city, he laid himself out to oblige its new masters, studied every art, and practised every meanness, that serve to promote the needy or render the poor pleasing; and, by these means, in a few years he came to be of some note in the city, which justly belonged entirely to him.

The executioner was, therefore, the first object of his resentment, and he even practised the lowest fraud to gratify the revenge he owed him. A piece of plate, which Bidderman had previously stolen from the Saracen governor, he privately conveyed into the executioner's house, and then gave information of the theft. They who are any way acquainted with the rigour of the Arabian laws, know that theft is punished with immediate death. The proof was direct in this case; the executioner had nothing to offer in his own defence, and he was therefore condemned to be beheaded upon a scaffold in the public market-place. As there was no executioner in the city but the very man who was now to suffer, Bidderman himself undertook this, to him, most agreeable office. The criminal was conducted from the judgment seat, bound with cords: the scaffold was erected, and he placed in such a manner as he might lie most convenient for the blow.

But his death alone was not sufficient to satisfy the resentment of this extraordinary man, unless it was aggravated with every circumstance of cruelty. Wherefore, coming up the scaffold, and disposing every thing in readiness for the intended blow, with the sword in his hand he approached the criminal, and, whispering in a low voice, assured him that he himself was the person that had once been used by so much cruelty; that, to his knowledge, he died very innocently, for the plate had been stolen by himself, and privately conveyed into the house of the other.

"Oh, my countrymen!" cried the criminal, "do you hear what this man says?" "Does the villain

murmur?" replied Bidderman, and immediately, at one blow, severed his head from his body.

Still, however, he was not content, till he had ample vengeance of the governors of the city, who condemned him. To effect this, he hired a small house adjoining to the town wall, under which he every day dug, and carried out the earth in a basket. In this unremitting labour he continued several years, every day digging a little, and carrying the earth unsuspected away. By this means, he at last made a secret communication from the country into the city, and only wanted the appearance of an enemy in order to betray it. This opportunity at length offered: the French army came into the neighbourhood, but had no thoughts of sitting down before a town which they considered as impregnable. Bidderman, however, soon altered their resolutions, and, upon communicating his plan to the general, he embraced it with ardour. Through the private passage above mentioned, he introduced a large body of the most resolute soldiers, who soon opened the gates for the rest, and the whole army rushing in, put every Saracen that was found to the sword.

MORE ABOUT ILLINOIS.

WE now proceed with our description of this beautiful western territory, which has been strangely misrepresented by a class of writers in this country. Illinois, though in some of its low-lying spots unhealthy, and destitute in others of good water, is on the whole a highly desirable region for the settlement of the emigrant; and thither we would certainly direct our steps if necessitated to seek for a home within the bounds of the remote states of the Union. As already stated, Mr Stuart visited and examined Illinois, and his testimony is fully corroborative of the accounts given by Timothy Flint, Birbeck, and others, as to the beauty and excellence of the country. Perhaps a few extracts from Mr Stuart's work will here be considered satisfactory on this important point:—

"Next morning (says he), the 1st May, we passed through a fertile tract of country in the county of Green, for ten miles, to Carrolton, its chief town. Wherever we saw land cultivated in this ride, the soil was a dark deep loam, and the wheat-plants well coloured, vigorous, and far advanced. We had an excellent breakfast at Bletsoe's hotel, at Carrolton, where I chanced to meet Dr Heaton, the physician of the district, who recommended all that part of the Sangamon country which is not in the neighbourhood of the river Illinois, as most eminently healthy. The alluvial land on the side of the river is of course frequently visited with the bilious fever of the country. From Carrolton we had one of the most beautiful rides I ever enjoyed in so fine a country, to Jacksonville, the capital of Morgan county. It appeared to me that we passed through the most delightful, as well as the richest district I had ever seen. The form and appearance of the prairie, and of the surrounding woods, was most beautiful. Think of Windsor Park, or Strathfieldsaye, or of parks for all the noblemen and wealthy landholders in Britain, to be had here at a dollar and a quarter (5s. 7½d.) an acre, in the neighbourhood of such rivers, and all consisting of land of the richest soil, and of the most beautiful waving shape and smooth surface, all laid out by the hand of nature, as English parks are. The plough alone is required to make this land produce the most abundant crops—manure would destroy it."

Having reached Jacksonville, after breakfast, next morning, "I walked out to the high ground in which the academy is built, and from thence to the edge of the hill, near which there is a nice-looking plantation, with a good orchard and garden. Mr Wilson, to whom the farm belongs, happened to be out of doors, and we immediately joined in conversation. He told me that he was the second settler in this county ten years ago, and continued as much attached to the situation as when he came here; and the soil of all his farm was at least three feet deep, and very rich. He never thought of giving a particle of manure to his land, and always kept it in wheat or in maize—generally two years of the one, and two years of the other. His wheat never yields less than forty bushels per acre; and he has had second crops of wheat without sowing any seed, yielding thirty-four bushels per acre. He pointed out to me a field of wheat, at present on his farm, on which he had sown no seed, and in which the plants were looking vigorous and well. In explaining to me the advantages of the situation, he particularly noticed the excellence of the roads in the dry prairie ground, without any road-making. On my way back to the village, I went into Mr Hayne's plantation of eighty acres. He has a charming view

of the town and adjoining grounds, from a very pretty cottage he has erected. The only difficulty he has found in the management of the land here occurs in the first breaking up. The roots of the prairie grass are so firmly interwoven with the soil, that it requires all the power and steadiness of oxen to tear up the ground; but after the first ploughing with six or eight oxen, horses do the work well, and crops are raised with more ease than in any other country which Mr Hayne has seen."

Among other settlers whom Mr Stuart here visited was a Mr Kerr, a Scotchman, whose situation is thus described:—"He was formerly foreman to Mr Francis Braidwood, a well-known upholsterer in Edinburgh. Mr Braidwood's workmen, about twenty years ago, combined to give up work unless they got higher wages. Mr Braidwood offered Mr Kerr higher wages; but he dared not accept the offer, on account of the consequences which he had reason to apprehend from the workmen if he had acted in the face of the confederacy. He, therefore, without much consideration, accompanied by a friend of his of the name of George Elder, put his foot in a vessel at Leith bound for North America. When he reached New York, he for some years successfully prosecuted his business of a carpenter and upholsterer; but it turned out that buildings had been erected too rapidly for the population, and there was a want of employment in his line. At that period the New York newspapers were filled with inviting descriptions of settlements in Illinois. He therefore came directly here from New York, and procured 500 acres of the very best land in the state, as he thinks, of rich soil, from three to four feet deep. It produces from thirty to forty-five bushels of wheat, and excellent corn and oats in rotation. The land is so easily ploughed, that a two-horse plough ploughs two and a half acres per day. There is never any want of a market here; every thing is bought by the merchants for New Orleans, or for Galena, where a vast number of workmen are congregated who are employed in the lead-mines on the north-western parts of this state. There is also a considerable demand for cattle for new settlers. Cattle are allowed to run out on the prairie during the whole winter; but Mr Kerr thinks, that, even during the short winter of this country, it would be advisable to have the cattle fed in houses on the prairie, and a sufficiency of grass cut and made into hay in the preceding summer. The cattle on the prairie must, he remarked, have salt at least once a-week. Mr Kerr as well as Mrs Kerr remarked, that nothing annoyed them so much as the difficulty of getting servants," which, from Illinois not being a slave-holding state, and from the demand for assistants by the crowds of new settlers, are not easily to be obtained; consequently their wages are high, and they are both saucy and difficult to please: thus furnishing a reason why emigrants should, if possible, be persons with families able to assist them in household and field-labour. Mr Stuart continues:—

"The prairie land continued almost all the way to Springfield, which is thirty-three miles from Jacksonville. I passed through much fine and beautiful land, one delightful piece of prairie about eight miles from Springfield. Still I like the district within a few miles of Jacksonville better than any other, not only on account of the land, which is as good as any, but on account of the very fine situation of the town, and the convenience of having an academy close to it; and I was assured, by persons in whom I can confide, of the perfect healthiness of that part of the country. Still it would be presumptuous in one whose leisure did not allow him the opportunities which a surveyor has, to make up his mind, after minutely inspecting the whole district, to hazard an opinion that there are not in other situations in the Sangamon district, settlements equal or superior to those in the neighbourhood of Jacksonville. What I would recommend to a stranger emigrating to this country would be, that he should apply at the land-offices at Springfield, or at Vandalia, or at any other of the land-offices, and get surveyors to show him those situations which they look on as the most desirable, *first*, in point of health; *secondly*, in point of soil; *thirdly*, in being provided with good water, and a sufficient quantity of wood, which is not always the case in the prairie land, and ought most especially to be attended to, strong wooden fences being indispensable; and, *fourthly*, in point of convenience of situation, including the neighbourhood to a town, schools, and churches, and the means of communication by roads and rivers. Having got this information, let him lay it before persons of experience in the district or state," for their advice.

Mr Stuart next visited Vandalia, the capital of this beautiful state, and here he received from several gentlemen the most satisfactory information. "The opinion (says he) I have formed respecting the great value of land in Illinois, was even increased by what those gentlemen told me. They can point out, in situations favoured in other respects, a great deal of land, the soil of which is five feet deep; and they tell me that many persons who have settled without a title have, rather than give it up, borrowed money at 25 per cent. interest, to prevent it from being offered for public sale. It is an extraordinary fact, that in this town, the capital of Illinois a state more exten-

sive, and infinitely more fertile than England, the first house in which was not begun until the year 1821, three annual meetings of an antiquarian and historical society have already taken place, and the whole of their published proceedings are as regular, as well conducted, and as well printed, from the Blackwell press of Vandalia, as if the seat of the society had been at Oxford or Cambridge. Judge Hall's second address to the society in 1828, contains the following remarkable passage:—"It is but eight years since the axe was first laid to the tree on the spot where we are now assembled. All round was one vast wilderness. The gentle stream that murmurs past our town had never been traced through its meanders by any but the hunters. A rich growth of majestic oaks covered the site of the future metropolis; and tangled thickets, almost impervious to the human foot, surrounded it on every side. The gentlemen who attended the first session of the legislature which sat at this place, sought their way through the neighbouring prairies as the mariner steers over the trackless ocean, by his knowledge of the cardinal points. Our judges, legislators, and lawyers, came pouring in from opposite directions, as the wandering tribes assemble to their council; and many were the tales of adventure and mishap related at their meeting. Some were lost in the prairies, some slept in the woods, some were almost chilled to death in plunging through the creeks and rivers. Now we have post-roads diverging in every direction, and our mails are brought in stages from the east, the west, and the south. A canal has also been projected to unite the northern section of our territory with the lakes, and the accomplishment of that work, which may be confidently expected to take place within a few years, will open a highway to the east, through a country which has no superior in fertility or beauty." The canal here alluded to is to connect Lake Michigan with the head of the steamboat navigation on the Illinois river, and will be a vast improvement to the state, by connecting the great northern lakes and the Canadian frontier with the Mississippi, and its various boastable tributaries.

It may possibly be recollected by a number of our readers, that some years ago an Englishman named Morris Birbeck emigrated to the state of Illinois, and afterwards published a volume descriptive of the excellence of the district as a place of settlement for emigrants. For the publication of this work Mr Birbeck was loaded with obloquy and ridicule by the Quarterly Review, and an attempt was made to show that his statements were either greatly overdrawn, or unfounded in fact. Fortunately for Illinois, and for the reputation of Mr Birbeck, who is since dead, being drowned in crossing a river, Mr Stuart visited the spot which had been the settlement of this enterprising emigrant, and substantiates the general views entertained regarding the excellent character of that part of the territory, named English Prairie, as represented in his publications. Proceeding from English Prairie, towards the town of Albion, continues Mr Stuart, "I was passing a nice-looking English villa, at the distance of perhaps a hundred yards to the northward, when I found a young man at the plough close to me, in the field in front of the house. I learned from him, on making inquiry, that the place had belonged to Mr Pritchard, a gentleman from England, of the Quaker persuasion; that he was now dead, leaving a widow, a daughter, and two sons, of whom this young man was one. At his request, I went to the house, which is extremely neat, and the view from it quite as delightful as an inland view can be. In short, it is quite a bijou of a place. The situation is considerably higher than the English Prairie; and the view of hill and dale, of woodland, and of cultivated soil, is as rich and diversified as can well be conceived. Mrs Pritchard told me that all were doing well here; and that, when she saw from the newspapers the sufferings of great part of the population in England, she lamented that they did not come here, where all would be well off who could work. Were they thousands, and thousands, and thousands, all would be provided for, and she spoke from experience, having been here for nearly a dozen of years. She added, however, that those settlers were not the most prosperous who had come with their pockets full of money, and had made large purchases of land, &c.; but that every one of the labourers who had come to this country with Mr Birbeck and Mr Flower, or who had followed them to their settlements, and who had turned out sober and industrious, were now in possession of a plantation of some extent, yielding them a comfortable livelihood. The wages of every one of the labourers was such as to enable them to save a certain sum every year from the period of their arrival; and in the course of ten or twelve years they had all scraped together enough of money for the purchase of settlements, on which they were living in houses which they had built. They were, in fact, landed proprietors and farmers, living on their own property, and in as respectable a situation as any persons in this country. All had done well who had not begun on too large a scale."

Enough has now been said in the meantime to show that few parts of North America are so much to be recommended to poor and industrious emigrants from Great Britain, as the state of Illinois. In another paper, some additional particulars will be given, particularly as regards its towns, manufactures, natural products, and the best routes to be pursued towards it from this country.

Column for Cottagers. CULTURE OF BEES.

MUCH has been said and written on the culture of this very useful insect; and though various as have been the methods recommended for the improvement of the stock, and consequent profits to be derived from it, still all agree on one subject, that their cultivation, if properly managed, is attended with very considerable advantage to the cultivator, much more indeed than what is generally supposed.

The profit derived from this pursuit has been variously estimated, and probably in many cases exaggerated; the following, however, may be taken as a moderate calculation, by which it will be seen that the advantages arising even on this scale would not be by any means a contemptible consideration with even those who may fill a superior rank in the rural population of the country.

Suppose a person to buy a swarm of bees, for which he pays one pound; this hive in the ensuing summer, say May or June, will swarm; and about ten days afterwards, another swarm will be thrown off, which is called a cast—this apiary will now consist of three hives. From the cast it will be most prudent to take the honeycomb; as, from the small number of the bees, and the lateness of the season, it is probable there would not be a sufficiency of honey for the support of the bees during the winter. Supposing this honey weighs only ten pounds, if sold at 1s. 6d. per pound, he nearly realises the price of his original stock, and has besides two full swarms. The next year his two hives will produce four swarms, two of which he will sell as before; and every season, out of the hives of the preceding year, he may sell ten pounds weight of honey, leaving say 30 pounds in each of the hives for the sustenance of the bees. Following this plan, he will at the expiration of five years have sold 626 pounds of honey, which, at 1s. 6d. per pound, will amount to £46.10s.; and he will have remaining 32 full hives, which, if he chooses to sell, will bring £1 each, or £32—in all, £78.10s. Or, if he keeps the stock of 32 hives for three years longer, and manages them in the manner described, the entire produce from his single hive at the expiration of eight years will have added to his income the sum of £655.10s. And if his original stock had been ten swarms instead of one, the amount at the termination of five years would have been £785. The only expenses attendant on the cultivation of the bee are the price of the hives and stools, and occasionally a few pounds of sugar, when in the winter season a scarcity of honey may occur in any of the hives.

We have given the above estimate to show, in the first place, that the subject is worthy of being considered; and we will now endeavour to give such hints for the practical treatment of the bee as may prove useful to those who are desirous of profiting by their cultivation.

Those not experienced in the nature of bees, may be greatly deceived in the purchasing of hives for stock. It can only be by a minute examination of the interior of the hive, that a just estimate of its value may be gained; this, however, is attended with much difficulty, and some danger; but by the outward appearance and weight of the hive, he may perhaps arrive at nearly a correct conjecture. The best season for purchasing is either in February or at the swarming season; in February it has survived the rigour of winter, and the purchaser has then only to attend to the population of the hive, or its apparent age. Let the purchaser observe with attention the number of bees which enter the hive loaded with the fruits of their industry; and if an apparently equal number departs in great bustle and hurry, he may then conjecture the hive to be in good health and well populated; and if a loud humming noise is heard within the hive, it is a certain sign of its strength and prosperity. The weight of a hive in February should never be under fifteen pounds, nor in autumn under thirty; and care should be taken that the hive is new, for in old hives a quantity of farina or bee-head accumulates, which adds considerably to its weight; the purchaser should also reject a hive when he observes its straw decayed and rotten, the ligaments loose, and frequent blotches over it, for it will cost him incessant trouble and vexation to keep it in a sufficient state of preservation, so as to maintain the health of his bees. When the intended cultivator has arranged his purchases, the next object he is to consider is the situation in which to form his apiary. This should be in a garden, or field, abundantly spread around with flowers and blossoms; particularly such as are most fruitful in honey. In Scotland, the apiary should have an aspect towards the south-east, and protected from the tempestuous winds which often blow from the north and south-west; it should be in a retired and sheltered spot, inaccessible to cattle, and where the bees are not liable to the intrusion of strangers.

Numerous have been the plans suggested for the structure of the hive itself, each with a view for furthering the industry of the insects, and giving an easy method by which the cultivator may abstract its superfluous stores, without having recourse to the inhuman practice of destroying the whole colony by suffocating them with brimstone. The common straw hives cannot be said to be unsuitable for the purpose, for an abundance of honey is generally made in them, and the facility and economy of their construction must always be a recommendation, as it is in every

article connected with rural economy; yet still the difficulty of an easy appropriation of the honey must render the use of the wooden or storied hives preferable. Towards the end of September, when the flowers have faded, and the bees are beginning to feed on the honey they have laid up, they may be frightened out of the hive by beating on it, and the combs then safely taken away. This, however, would reduce the owner to the necessity of feeding them during the winter, and therefore an earlier season is generally chosen for it, that the bees may have time to lay in their winter provisions. The boxes or storied hives are made of well-seasoned wood, nine inches long and the same in breadth, and eight inches high; in the roof there is a communication hole three inches square, on which is placed another box of a similar structure; others may be raised above this to an indefinite height, and the bottom is open like the mouth of a common hive. When a swarm is lodged in a box, it is immediately put on an empty one, as the bees must have more room; and if more than two are used, a new one is successively to be supplied below; the bees beginning from above will soon fill the upper box with honey (and that is always of the best quality); and then it is to be separated from that beneath it, by drawing through it a long thin pliable knife, to cut the comb; the communication hole of the lower box must then be covered with a board, and the box separated from it, and taken to a distance, where the bees remaining in it may be dislodged by turning it up, and rapping on its sides with a small stick; the proper time to perform this operation is at sunrise. The flowers and blossoms from which the bee extracts its stores should form a very principal consideration with the cultivator; and he should take particular care to have near his apiary all those which are best adapted for the purpose; for if the bee is obliged to travel far to look for his food, he is consequently exposed to much danger, and the time consumed will tend to diminish the weight of the hive. Mignonette is said to afford the finest honey, and may be kept in blossom the best portion of the year. An intelligent writer relates, that he planted a great quantity of it before two bee-hives, at a considerable distance from his other bees. With such abundant supplies as this afforded them, few ever left his garden. In cases where a scarcity of flowers occurs in the neighbourhood of an apiary, it is no unusual circumstance to transport it to a situation where a plenty exists. In the vicinity of heathy hills, the bee will always find abundance of stores; the Scotch cultivator has therefore peculiar advantages, as he may in this way supply the wants of his swarms with very little difficulty or expense. The month of September is always recommended as being most favourable for the removal of hives. Each hive must in the evening be placed on a coarse cloth, in which they are wrapped, and fastened with bands of straw, osier, or pack-thread. Two men may carry a number of hives, by passing a long pole through the knot of the cloth which covers them. They may also be carried on horses, asses, or spring-carts, in which case it is better to reverse the position of the hives, or, more plainly speaking, to place them topsy-turvy.

The time for swarming varies according to the number of inhabitants contained in a hive, and the cultivator, on the approach of summer, will have to look attentively to his apiary, that he may inform himself when it is probable his swarms may leave their hives. Those that are well peopled, and in the most prosperous state, he may expect first to swarm, and in such cases the swarms, it may be conjectured, will leave in May or June. There are also signs which present themselves for some days previous to the departure of swarms, which being attended to, will afford the cultivator an almost certain knowledge of the time of swarming: first, an extraordinary number of bees hanging in clusters about the entrance of the hive; second, a total cessation of labour; third, a particular noise, which is made by the young queen, similar to *chip, chip*, which is distinctly heard two or three nights preceding the swarming; fourth, the continual motion of the wings of the bees which cluster at the entrance; fifth, violent commotions at the entrance of the hive, and the bees coming out in great numbers. Implicit confidence must not, however, be placed in these signs, and the surest way is to set a person to watch them. It is commonly between the hours of ten and three o'clock, when the day is warm and the weather fine, that the swarm leaves the hive. A sudden buzzing is heard, the bees are seen in multitudes traversing the air in all directions, and the entrance to the hive is soon totally deserted. After wandering about for some time, they gradually collect in a heap, on some neighbouring tree or shrub, round the queen. If they rise high in the air, it indicates that they intend taking a long flight; and to prevent this, it is usually the practice to beat pans, to ring bells, to fire guns, and to throw dust or sand among them. The noise causes a concussion of the air similar to thunder, and the sand, it is supposed, has the same effect as rain, which in both cases has a tendency to cause them to settle. Notwithstanding all these precautions, they sometimes rise high, fly to a distance, and are lost irretrievably if not immediately pursued. They always take a straight line after having chosen the direction, and may fly, it is affirmed, four miles before they settle. If they alight upon an accessible place, the branch of a tree for instance, after having been allowed to settle completely,

the branch must be cut off gently and laid on the ground, a clean hive, supported on two sticks, must be laid over them, and all covered with a sheet or large tablecloth. The bees will soon ascend into the hive and begin working; and late in the evening, when all is quiet within, they may be moved to their place in the apiary.—*To be continued.*

PIG-DRIVING.

[From the Indicator and Companion. By Leigh Hunt. 2 vols. Bentley, London. Just published.]

THE other day we happened to be among a set of spectators, who could not help stopping to admire the patience and address with which a pig-driver huddled and cherished onward his drove of unaccommodating *étées* down a street in the suburbs. He was a born genius for a manœuvre. Had he originated in a higher sphere, he would have been a general, or a stage-manager, or, at least, the head of a set of monks. Conflicting interests were his forte; pig-headed wills, and proceedings hopeless. To see the hand with which he did it! How hovering, yet firm; how encouraging, yet compelling; how indicative of the space on each side of him and yet of the line before him; how general, how particular, how perfect! No barber's could quiver about a head with more lightness of apprehension; no cook's put up and proportion the side of a pasty with a more final eye. The whales, quoth old Chapman, speaking of Neptune,

The whales exulted under him, and knew their mighty king.

The pigs did not exult, but they knew their king. Unwilling was their subjection, but "more in sorrow than in anger." They were too far gone for rage. Their case was hopeless. They did not see why they should proceed, but they felt themselves bound to do so; forced, conglomerated, crowded onwards, irresistibly impelled by fate and Jenkins. Often would they have bolted under any other master. They squeaked and grunted as in ordinary; they sidled, they shuffled, they half stopped; they turned an eye to all the little outlets of escape; but in vain. There they stuck (for their very progress was a sort of sticking), charmed into the centre of his sphere of action, laying their heads together, but to no purpose; looking all as if they were shrugging their shoulders, and eschewing the tip-end of the whip of office. Much eye had they to their left leg; shrewd backward glances; not a little anticipative squeak, and sudden rush of avoidance. It was a superfluous clutter, and they felt it; but a pig finds it more difficult than any other animal to accommodate himself to circumstances. Being out of his pale, he is in the highest state of wonderment and inaptitude. He is sluggish, obstinate, opinionate, not very social; has no desire of seeing foreign parts. Think of him in a multitude, forced to travel, and wondering what the devil it is that drives him! Judge by this of the talents of his driver.

We beheld a man once, an inferior genius, inducing a pig into the other end of Long Lane, Smithfield. He had got him thus far towards the market. It was much. His air announced success in nine parts out of ten, and hope for the remainder. It had been a happy morning's work; he had only to look for the termination of it; and he looked (as a critic of an exalted turn of mind would say) in brightness and in joy. Then would he go to the public-house, and indulge in porter and a pleasing security. Perhaps he would not say much at first, being oppressed with the greatness of his success; but by degrees, especially if interrogated, he would open, like *Æneas*, into all the circumstances of his journey and the perils that beset him. Profound would be his set out: full of tremor his middle course; high and skilful his progress; glorious, though with a quickened pulse, his triumphant entry. Delicate had been his situation in Ducking-pond Row; masterly his turn at Bell Alley. We saw him with the radiance of some such thought on his countenance. He was just entering Long Lane. A gravity came upon him, as he steered his touchy convoy into this his last thoroughfare. A dog moved him into a little agitation, darting along; but he resumed his course, not without a happy trepidation, hovering as he was on the borders of triumph. The pig still required care. It was evidently a pig with all the peculiar turn of mind of his species; a fellow that would not move faster than he could help; irritable; retrospective; picking objections, and prone to boggle; a chap with a tendency to take every path but the proper one, and with a sidelong tact for the alleys. He bolts! He's off!—"Oh!" exclaimed the man, dashing his hand against his head, lifting his knee in an agony, and screaming with all the weight of a prophecy, which the spectators felt to be too true—"he'll go up all manner of streets!"

Poor fellow! We think of him now sometimes, driving up Duke-street, and not to be comforted in Barbican.

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